

B. J. 1. 695 *

^{1st}
L O N D O N ' S
PLAGUE-SORE
DISCOVERED.

O R,
Some serious Notes, and suitable
Considerations upon the present

VISITATION

A T
L O N D O N :

Wherein is something by way of
Lamentation, Information, Ex-
postulation, Exhortation, and
Caution.

Whereunto is annexed,

A Never-failing *Antidote* against
the P L A G U E.

London, Printed for the Author, Anno 1665.



Reader,

These are to give thee notice, that one Crouch a Printer hapning accidentally of the Copy of the Antidote at the latter end of this Paper, before I had given order for any to print it, he took upon him to print it of his own accord, contrary to my consent or knowledge, and placed it in Books and Papers according to his pleasure, for his own private advantage, by which means I have suffered some prejudice, and have been censured by some as if I were guilty of that, which indeed is detestable to me. This I thought good to insert, that the Truth might be manifested, and further false Suggestions in that case might be prevented.

E. N.

Londons Plague-fore, discovered.

AS I of late, about the Streets do go,
 I often hear Complainings to and fro :
 In ev'ry corner, more or less I hear,
 And many people much surpriz'd with fear;
 And still by observation I do find,
 That Cares and Fears do grow in peoples mind ;
 And Discontents, do almost ev'ry where,
 Seem to abound within this City here :
 But what's the Cause ? or, wherefore is it so,
 That such Distractions more, and more should grow,
 Amongst a People, which of late did glory,
 Of *Gallant Times*, beyond the reach of Story ;
 For Wealth and Strength they had so great a share,
 They scorn'd that any should with them compare.
 What is the Reason such a lofty City,
 Should now be willing to accept of pity ?
 Why several things are urg'd. I pray name one.
 Alas ! that's easie, Trading's almost gone
 Quite out o'th City, whither shall we run ?
 The Cry o'th Poor is, *We shall be undone !*
 For why already Trading's grown so dead,
 Our present Gains will hardly yeeld us Bread :
 Our Cares are doubled, and our Hopes are vain ;
 Say what you will, here's reason to complain :
 And this doth greatly add unto our sorrow ;
 We fear each day, it will be worse to morrow.

And yet the Great Ones do oppress the Poor :
 Such times as these we never saw before.
 Nay, more than this, the worst is yet to come,
 We have not yet told all, nor hardly some ;
 There's something else, that loads our hearts to think,
 What Dreadful Cup is fill'd for us to drink !
 Alas, the Plague, the *Pestilential Plague*,
 Which lately made such havock near the *Hague*,
 Hath crost the Seas, and found our City out,
 And put our greatest Champions to the rout,
 Our bravest Gallants which did swagger most,
 And with their daring tongues would proudly boast
 Of Courage, Valour, Strength and Noble-Blood,
 As if they scorn'd to have their wills withstood,
 Yet when the Lord did with a challenge greet them,
 And sent them word, *He did intend to meet them,*
To see if they against him would prepare,
 How this strange Message did their Worships scare !
 O how did this perplex and sore affright
 Their lofty minds, and made them take their flight,
 And run away from God's appointed place,
 As if they fear'd even to see his face.
 For when his *angry Angel* did approach,
 To flee, they strait provide both *Horse* and *Coach*.
 Then learn this lesson from it you that can,
 'Tis vain to trust in any mortal man,
 For if in danger thou his help shalt crave,
 Alas! poor worm! himself he cannot save.
 But now, alas, the Common People say,
 'Tis we must bear the burden of the day!
 The Mighty God hath singled out our City
 For Wrath and Vengeance, casting off all Pitty ;

*In every corner of our famous Town
 He sends his Arrows of Destruction down;
 Yea, round about, almost in every place,
 He leaves the Tokens of his angry face.
 And now our ears are daily fill'd with cries,
 And Gastly Sights, do grieve our woful eyes.
 Yea, Father, Mother, Sister, also Brother
 Do daily see the ruine of each other;
 And little Babes which at the breast do lye,
 Amongst the rest do often gasp and dye,
 Whilst griev'd Mothers over them do mourn,
 Till angry Death do them as good a turn.
 How many are depriv'd of wonted sleep?
 How many eyes have lately learn'd to weep?
 How many wringings of the hands for Grief,
 Because their Sorrows are beyond relief?
 For many years it hath not been the like,
 Which to our hearts doth much amazement strike.*

*Alas, poor London, for thy sad estate
 My bowels yearn, How art thou fall'n of late?
 But canst thou only of thy Sorrows speak,
 And not discern the door through which they break?
 Dost thou not know the cause of thy Distress
 To be thy Sins and woful Wickedness?
 Have not thy Sins been great and manifold,
 Thy Provocations more than can be told!
 Thy Lewdness and Prophaness, past compare!
 Thy Impudence there's no man can declare!
 Thy horrid Blasphemies, and cursed Swearing,
 Thy Ranting, Roaring, and thy Domineering!
 Thy great Uncleaness and Abominations,
 Thy Drunkenness, and such like provocations,*

Hath

Hath often urg'd the Just and Righteous God,
 To fall upon thee with his *Iron Rod* ;
 And then consider, how thou didst requite
 The God of Grace for all his *Gospel-Light*
 That he long time unto thy soul did give,
 That so thou mightst repent, return and live.
 Hast thou not much despis'd his profered Grace ?
 Hast thou not spitted in the glorious face
 Of blessed Jesus, when in love he came
 To wash thee from thy filthiness and shame ?
 Hast thou not *Love* and *Mercy* greatly slighted,
 His *holy Spirit* also much despighted ?
 Hast thou not *Patience*, also, much abus'd,
 And God's dear Servants wofully misus'd ?
 In fine, the Gospel thou hast cast behind thee,
 And suffered Satan to bewitch and blind thee ;
 And those that were thy best and truest Friends,
 How hast thou sought to bring them to their ends.
 Examine well, and thou maist find it so ;
 Sin is the cause of this thy present WO,
 And therefore now, while it is call'd, *to day*
 Repent, and turn to God without delay :
Break off thy Sins ; Let Righteousness take place,
 It may be yet thou mayst partake of Grace ;
 But if thou still retain thy stubborn heart,
 Thou maist expect to feel a greater smart,
 And this already thou mayst plainly see
 The Bloody *Sword* doth also threaten thee,
 And *Famine* seems to stare thee in the face,
 Impenitence may bring it on apace.
 Then look in time, before it be too late,
 Lest greater Judgment fall upon thy pate.

Now

Now therefore hark, ye Gallants of the time,
 You that have counted *Godliness* a Crime,
 What do you think, or where do y' mean to stay,
 That you from *London* make such hast away?
 Here this from me; If that you take along
 Your Sins with you, you do your selves but wrong
 To flee away, for you had better be
 Punish'd at first, than to go longer free:
 For, don't you know, the longer you provoke
 The Righteous God, the greater is his Stroke;
 Therefore observe, the best and surest way
 For to escape the danger of the Day,
 Is to Repent, and *set the Oppressed free*,
 And then perhaps, God may entreated be.
 But if i'th *Country* you in sin delight,
 And God's *Forbearance* and *Long-suffering* slight,
 He in the *Country* will go search about,
 And never leave until he find you out,
 And when the *Angel* takes his Journey thither,
 And findeth you, and all your sins together,
 The fearful dreggs of this *destroying Cup*
 Shall be your portion, you must drink them up.
 Hence be exhorted, then, to *kiss the Son*,
 Make peace with him before your *Glass* be run,
 And then in Life or Death you will be His,
 And your Reward shall be ETERNAL BLISS.

A

*A Sovereign Medicine against the Plague
both Preservative and Curative.*

DRink a good draught of *Josiah's* (a) *Humility* next thy heart; then take
 (a) 2Chron. 34. 27. a dose of *Nineveh's* (b) *Repentance*, well
 (b) Jona. 3. 8 soaked or steeped in the vessel of a *Broken*
 (c) Psal. 51. 17. (c) *and a Contrite Heart*, well season'd with
 (d) ver. 6. (d) *Truth & Sincerity* at the bottom: then
 (e) Psa. 6. 6. let all these boyl well together in a good
 quantity of *David's* (e) *Tears*: And when
 thou hast done thus, then spread a broad
 Plaister of *Gods Grace*, and bind it fast to
 thy soul with the *Snaddleband of Love* and
 (f) Eccles. 7. 14. *serious* (f) *Consideration*; Then cast away all
 thy old infectious garments of (g) *Sin and*
 (g) Col. 3. 5, 6, 7, 8. *Iniquity*, and put on (h) *the Lord Jesus Christ*,
 as a sure garment of *defence* and *safety*:
 (h) Rom. 13. 14. Then take up as good a quantity of *Joshua's*
 (i) Josh. 24. 15. (i) *Resolution* as thou canst well bear, and
 so walk up and down in those wholesome
 (k) Rom. 6. 4 and pleasant Fields, called (k) *Newness of*
 (l) Prov. 23. 37. & 14. 26 *Life*, and follow thy Calling in the (l) *fear*
 of *God*.

All which, being truly and carefully observed, will undoubtedly and infallibly preserve thee from the sting and danger of all *Plagues* whatsoever.

Signatum Celi.

E. N.